

## The Bonny Brown Hen.

The wind from the north-ward so chilling was blowing,  
The snow from the elements covered the sand;  
For my own recreation a gunning I'm going,  
To fowl throughout yon termigan land.

When there I arrived the fowl I surprised,  
And with a true level I brought down the game;  
When I saw them a falling I heard a great bawling,  
I stood in my step and I loaded again.

I loaded my piece and away I did go,  
To seek farther adventures while the day it was gray;  
I heard a fair maiden melodiously singing,  
Her voice was as sweet as the nighingale's lay.

In hopes to inspire, with speed I drew nigh her,  
Being wanton she seemed her voice for to strain;  
Saying I wish I had one of your Scottish fowlers,  
To fire one shot at my bonny brown hen.

When hearing of this, to her I advanced,  
With a mild salutation I made a low gee;  
Her pardon I craved for my rude behaviour,  
You are heartily welcome kind fowler, said she.

You are welcome to me if your piece be in order,  
I pray you make ready as soon as you can;  
Grant me my desire, before you retire,  
And level it true at my bonny brown hen.

This wanton young devil, she will not be civil,  
The longer I keep her, the wilder she grows;  
And when you come near her, I pray you don't fear her,  
Though her comb it resembles a Highlandman's purse.

Then my cold iron barrel I quickly did charge,  
With my triangle musket that never missed fire;  
Then down to the foot of the hill I did range,  
To seek out a lodging it was my desire.

And when I came nigh her, she seemed to retire,  
Being ready for battle she raised each pen;  
I drew up my gun to the height it was wanted,  
And fired a shot at her bonny brown hen.

Oh! then for to rally, I boldly did venture,  
I covered my mark to the breadth of a span;  
I placed my musket right plump to the centre,  
And fired a shot at her bonny brown hen.

All to please this fair maid, on the green turf I laid her,  
And full in her view I presented my gun;  
I showed her two bags that contained the powder,  
And all the ammunition I'd got for the fun.

She handled them well, and gazed with wonder,  
Saying they are the best I ever found among men;  
With that her two thighs soon spread asunder,  
And I fired a shot at her bonny brown hen.

We arose from the ground, and away I was going,  
She begged that I would still longer stay;  
For then I observed the salt tears were flowing,  
We parted and homeward I then took my way.

But if ever again to the fields I go fowling,  
I am certain and sure I will alter my plan;  
I'll seek for the lass that will fight a good battle,  
Before that she yields up her bonny brown hen.



## THE Sacred Vow.

BY BURNS.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,  
While Phæbus sank beyond Benledi;  
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,  
The yellow corn was waving ready:  
I listened to a lover's sang,  
And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;  
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—  
O, dearly do I love thee Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower,  
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;  
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,  
The place and time I met my dearie!  
Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"  
While monie a kiss the seal imprest,  
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' springs the primrose brae,  
The simmer joy's the flocks to follow;  
How cheery thro' her shortening day,  
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!  
But can they melt the glowing heart,  
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,  
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,  
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

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